

The Sleeping, Friday Night

all of our heads in the clouds
and i remember staying up all night
in a haze to the sweetest sounds
when i said,
delicate to the sights
and i can never feel the calm
i felt witnessing headlights drive into our eyes
when i said,
"we're not ready to go back home"
breathe in baby
i can't touch the ground
keep it crazy
let the open road bring us back down
all of the smoke in our lungs
and i remember burning up daylight
passing the head of the summer's final sun
when i said,
"we're not ready to go back home.
we're not ready to go back"
breathe in baby
i can't touch the ground
keep it crazy
let the open road bring us back down
keep on passing the trucks
keep on passing the drugs